

## Anatomy 1:1

King 810

You wanna hear anger in a way never expressed before?  
The boy speaking to you has kicked in doors  
And put men on the floor  
Is that enough?  
Or  
Or you want more?  
You want blood?  
You want guts?  
You want guns?  
You want gore?  
You wanna tie a man up in his own house?  
Beat him in the face with a pistol and tape his mouth  
And just keep hittin' him til' there's so much blood  
The duct tape falls from his face and he screams to God above  
And he screams to those he loves  
To help him out of his situation  
But God left the slums alone  
So you're sittin' here with Satan  
And we've all sold our souls  
The only difference is  
You've got a cheap price  
I'm sittin' next to where the Devil sits  
And I've lost the center of my world  
A life sentence means nothing to me  
So if you look at me wrong or for too long  
I'll have your momma singin' songs with your family  
And the choir  
And the priest  
Put your feet in my shoes  
You will feel the same things  
A couple decades worth of pain  
And all you'll ever know is my name  
And I can't make you change  
How do I explain?  
And where do I start?  
If it sounds too crazy  
Then I'm lying  
If it's abstract  
Then it's art  
If I don't say it poetic  
I'm ignorant  
If I do  
I'm not convincing  
If I read Rilke I couldn't have killed a man  
If I killed a man, I couldn't have read anything  
So I'm up late strategizing  
Then;  
"Wait. why am I trying to convince narrow minded fucks I hate?  
Of course they don't get it  
They're built like shit."  
And I could've said it with metaphors  
But this way you understand it, Goddammit!  
At my back  
I got the killers  
And the thieves  
And the bandits  
And you think I care?

About clothes, shoes, and hair?  
Mother fucker I'm from ruins!  
You can't wear my boots in  
While you were kissin'  
I was shootin'  
This here is Flint, Michigan  
(Haha)  
While you were playing with your friends  
We were burying men  
And all they keep asking me is:  
"Have you ever killed?"  
They ignore the fact  
I'm creating art at levels they never will  
They overlook the fact  
I posses a mind no one they've ever met posses'  
So I overlook their question  
But know my trigger finger's restless  
And to all of you making a living selling lies to the people:  
A real has arrived  
The people no longer need you